



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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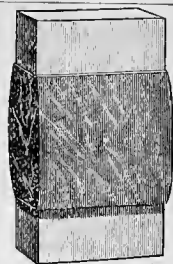
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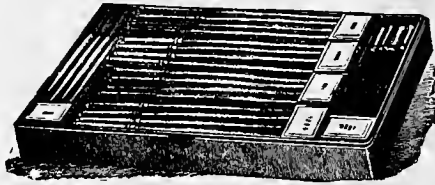
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

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No. 17.

## HARVARD COLLEGE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 501.)

EVERY visitor desires to visit the Library, where students are always to be found reading or working on their different kinds of study. Little alcoves divide the sides of the large hall, in every one of which are books dealing with a certain subject which is posted

who desire to read current opinions and keep up with the thought of the day. Besides this one large library, there are other smaller ones where books on specific lines of study are kept, such as the History Library, Economics Library, French Library, etc.

Those that I have mentioned are not



LIBRARY, HARVARD.

on the side of the alcove. For instance, you may see English A posted in an alcove. That means that the books which are given to you in that course as reference to be read may be obtained in that alcove. This library holds over 35,000 volumes, and every periodical of note is lying around on the shelves, which is a great advantage to those

all the departments of Harvard University. There are besides those, Divinity School, Dental School, School of Veterinary Medicine, Bussey Institute, and others.

A word about Harvard's system: In no college in the country is the work so optional as at Harvard. The elective system is carried out in this insti-

tution almost as far as it could be. The prescribed work for Freshmen is small, and for succeeding years it gets smaller. Before proceeding further I should like to explain "Described" and "Elective." A prescribed course is one which has to be taken by a candidate for a degree before he can get that degree, and that course is named by the faculty. An elective course is one which the student chooses for himself. In the Freshman year at Harvard, English is prescribed, and every Freshman has to take it. There is one-fifth of a course in chemistry prescribed also, and if a student enters the Freshman class free of conditions those are the only prescribed courses he has. A Freshman is supposed to take five courses, so you see there are four courses left in his Freshman year that he can choose for himself from the list of courses that a Freshman is allowed to enter.

This system, some people think, is carried too far. They say, "A lazy student may choose those very easy courses in which they need do little work; and besides, a faculty of professor sought to know what is best for a Freshman if not for students in the upper classes. The first part is true, and some of the "sports" do elect those easy courses and can have their time to spend in amusement. They call these courses "snaps." But a fellow coming here to study generally knows what he wants to accomplish, and if he has to take such prescribed work that is not applicable at all, as a foundation for that which he sets out to accomplish, a whole year is wasted.

There are some recitations, but nearly all are lecture courses. The instructor or professor lectures to the students, who are supposed to take

notes on the lecture, and are held responsible in the examination for everything passed over. There are generally four examinations. The first hour examination is held about five or six weeks after college opens. Then comes the mid-year, soon after Christmas. This is a three-hour examination. Then the second hour examination about the first of April, and the last one at the end of the year, which is a three-hour examination. The system of marking is as follows: A, B, C, D and E. A student getting as a final mark an "A" or a "B" gets an honor in the course, and his name is posted in the honor list at the end of the year. A "C" is a good mark a "D" passes him, and an "E" is a failure. If an E is obtained for a final mark, the student has to take the course again before he can enter a higher course in the same subject.

If you should some evening be walking in Harvard Square and meet one or two fellows peculiarly dressed, followed by a crowd of students and non-students, do not think that some showmen are advertising their performance. It will be most likely an initiation to some secret society. The initiations vary, and some are very funny, reflecting credit on the originator. Such a one is this:

One winter day in the horse car between Harvard Square and Boston sat a fine-looking, young fellow, seemingly unconscious of his surroundings. Now and then he would lean forward and pick up some of the straw strewn on the floor, till finally he had a good-sized bunch of hay fixed up like a bouquet. When he got one to suit him he would lean across the aisle and present his bouquet to some lady passenger. All this without a word or

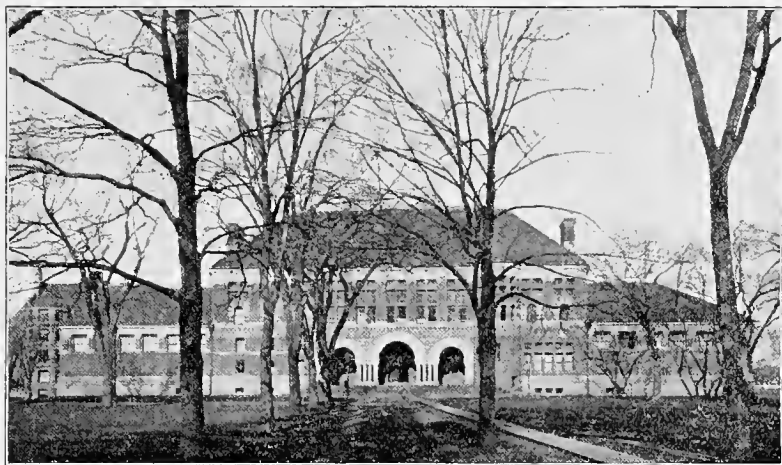


smile. Before he reached Harvard Square every lady in the car had a straw bouquet. That was his initiation to one of the Greek letter fraternities.

Hazing, a pleasant pastime for those who conduct the services, has been entirely discontinued at Harvard. But you meet every now and then laughable incidents which were enacted during those days of midnight revel. Upon the wall in Belcher's Dining Hall at Harvard Square there hangs a large frame filled with little free hand drawings in pencil, presented by a witness

best of recreations to listen to the sweet, cultivated voices of innocent children singing forth sacred melodies. This choir is perfectly trained, and beautifully harmonious music is the results of their effort.

The class games are one of the most interesting features of the year. Class rivalry is indulged to some extent, especially between the Sophomores and Freshmen. As I said before, hazing and otherwise injuring the Freshmen has been given up at Harvard, but at the end of one of these games it is hard



LAW SCHOOL, HARVARD.

of some of the amusing events. The artist was of the class of 1850, so you see the sketches are rather old. Considerable money has been offered for that frame and its contents, but it remains there yet. One of these sketches is a reminder of old time chapel days, when every student had a seat assigned him and was compelled to attend every morning. Compulsory attendance at chapel has been abolished, and now it is optional, but still the chapel is generally filled. Perhaps the sweet-toned boy choir is an attraction, for it is the

to resist the temptation of having a "free for all" rumpus. If it is a ball game, the victors are carried off on the shoulders of some of their enthusiastic classmates, with the remainder of the class trailing at their feet, and if they happen to meet a squad of opponents they might accidentally or otherwise stampede them.

Before the game (say baseball game) each side gets all the German bands and hand organ grinders available, and martial them on their respective sides. Added to the bands and organs, and

the cheers of the classes, the noise is pretty great. Besides, each<sup>er</sup> side is provided with several small cannons and other fireworks, with which to rattle the<sup>er</sup> opposing nine. For instance, say '95 were at the bat,<sup>er</sup> and that class had the side of the field of third base and short stop; well, a '95 man pops up a flag to short stop. Then three or four '95 men will run to the heels of the short stop with<sup>er</sup> their loaded cannon, and just as he is about to catch the ball, bang goes the cannon. Who wouldn't drop the ball on such an occasion? And so it goes throughout the game until the victorious are carried off on the shoulders of their adherents, marching to the tunes of Hurdy Gurdy, German bands and the toots of their own horns.

*Arthur Thomas.*

#### LOLA.

THE sun shone hot on the street and on the sun-dried mud of the roof of the cottage before which the two little dark-skinned Mexican children played. They did not mind it though at any time, native born as they were, and used to the scorching sun of the semi-tropical climate of the older Mexico. Still less were they mindful of it at this moment in their glee at the gift of the bright silver piece given them by the pleasant-faced American lady a few moments ago. It was not often such windfalls fell in their way, and the event was as wonderful to them as if some fairy or sprite had been the mover in the unusual occurrence.

Dancing about and talking excitedly over their treasure, they did not see nor hear the swift pattering footsteps behind them, till Lola Reteza's gay and mischievous little face was pushed

between their own, and her clear, shrill voice spoke close at hand:

"Why you dance, Jose Chinitu? What thet you got 'er?" The last sentence was ejaculated in quick accents as her sharp eye caught sight of the bright silver piece in Jose's chubby fingers.

"The lady passed and gave it," answered Jose in his own tongue, and pointing across the way towards the little hostelry whose rear entrance faced them, and whose front was upon the principal plaza around the corner.

A sudden gleam came into Lola's eyes, and a merry little ripple of laughter broke from her lips.

She reached out suddenly and snatched at the coin in his fingers.

"Let me see how much," she said. The coin slipped from Jose's hand, shaken by Lola's adroit and sudden movement.

It fell in the loose, thick dust on the ground, and in an instant Lola's bare foot had covered it. Jose and his sister pushed her roughly aside, but there was no coin in sight.

"Where is it, thief?" shouted Jose, angrily, going on his knees and searching for it excitedly in the loose soil.

"In the dust, Jose—stupid," replied Lola turning away.

"It is not true; you have it yourself," shouted Jose; but Lola only laughed, turning a bright, mischievous glance on him over her shoulder as she sped down the<sup>er</sup> street. Before turning the corner she turned round, and seeing Jose and Chinitu running after her, called out with an assuring voice, "If you leave your coin in the street another will come along and pick it up," she said. "Go back and you will find it."

The two weeping children hesitated,



in doubt as to the truthfulness of her statement, but yet fearing that if it were as she said, that some consequence such as she had predicted might follow—they turned at her bidding and were soon at their task again searching in the thick dust. Lola paid no further attention to them, and was soon out of sight round the corner. As she turned into the Plaza on the opposite side of the little square, a lady came out on to the flat veranda of the one-storied hotel, and beckoned to her. Lola wondered a little, but went straight to her. There was a hammock swinging from the crossed poles which supported the low roof of the porch, and the lady, sinking into it, took hold of both Lola's hands and drew her down beside her.

She was a pleasant-faced little woman of medium height, and with clear light from eyes that seemed to hold an expression of good will and tenderness.

"Do you speak English?" she asked Lola immediately after she sat down.

"Yes," said Lola, speaking fairly well, but with an accent. "My mother was English—before she died," adding the last in an explanatory way, and then went on. "My father he was Mexican—but he died, too."

"Oh," said the lady with a changed expression on her face, "poor child; if you are an orphan, perhaps there is some excuse."

Lola looked up at her, not understanding.

"I saw you when you snatched the money from the children across the way, my poor child," she said, "and I want to talk with you about it."

A puzzled look came into Lola's face: "How did you see me?" she asked.

"From my window on the opposite side of the house," answered the lady.

"My room faces on the other street."

"Oh, yes," said Lola, comprehendingly, but with no visible sign of consternation depicted on her countenance.

The lady looked at her steadily a moment, then said: "I gave a piece of money to those children; it belonged to them; what claim did you think you had to it?"

"Oh, I didn't claim it," exclaimed Lola, reassuringly.

"But you took it?" replied the lady.

"Did you think I stole it?" asked Lola, gazing into the lady's eyes.

"Didn't you?" asked her interlocutor.

"No," answered Lola, simply, and in her exasperatingly, reassuring manner, "I jes knocked it out 'is 'and."

The lady's clear, kind eyes regarded Lola steadfastly, but she did not flinch under the scrutiny.

"What did you do that for?" asked the lady, after a long pause.

"Oh, jes' for fun. I wanted to make 'em think they lost it."

"Where is it?" asked the lady.

"The money? It's ora here in the dirt; I pushed it way under with my toe."

"But they didn't find it."

"Oh, I guess so by now; I tole em to keep hunt."

"But I heard them both crying."

"Yes," Lola assented; "but they stop w'en they find it, bym-by."

"Did you think that was fair?" went on the lady, ignoring Lola's last remark, "to make them shed tears, thinking they had lost their gift."

"Yes," said Lola; "like to fool 'em."

Again the lady's clear, brown eyes read Lola's steadfastly, and again Lola's deep black orbs met her's unconcernedly.

"What is your name?" asked the lady, abruptly.

"Lola Reteza."

"Who are your guardians?" was questioned.

"What you say?" queried Lola.

"Who are your people, and whom do you live with?"

"I live with my aunt and Marado, near the Burrancu Canyon."

"Do they know that you do things like that, Lola?" asked the lady, earnestly.

"Sometimes; w'en somebody tel," answered Lola, frankly.

"What do you think they would say to—to your trick today, Lola?"

"I don' know; I guess they won' fin' out."

"But even if they don't find out, Lola," said the lady, clasping the child's two small hands closer in her own, and speaking earnestly, "don't you know, don't you feel that it is something to be ashamed of, that it is something wrong?"

"I don' see it hurts anything; I jes fool 'em."

"But if some one should fool you, you would think it was wrong, that it hurt, wouldn't you?"

"They can't fool me," answered Lola, confidently. "If they do, they got to confess Father Anson anyway."

"Confess to whom?" asked the lady.

"Father Anson, our priest, the Father Confessor."

"Oh, I see—Catholic," mused the lady. "And do you confess to him yourself, Lola," she continued suddenly.

"Yes," said Lola, "every week."

"Do you mean to tell him of this to-day?"

"Oh yes, I have to."

"What for, Lola?"

"To be forgiven."

"Will Father Anson forgive this occurrence. Lola?"

"Yes; but I do penance first."

"How, Lola?"

"Oh, I guess he give me thirteen prayers for this. Yesterday was nine—but that was for nothing—jess to pinch Jose's finger; mebbe for this he gives me a lot more, thirteen."

"But, my child, you prayed yesterday in penance for a fault, and today commit a worse one. What can your prayers do for you if they do not make you better?"

"Oh, it's all right; I do penance every time after."

The lady looked bewildered, and sat for a moment gazing at the child silently.

"Lola," she said, after a pause, speaking very seriously, neither Father Anson's forgiveness, nor your own prayers, can hide your heart and your deeds from God. He will never forgive you while you are capable of thoughts and deeds like this. It is only when you are ready to give them up altogether that He will blot them out."

Lola sat very quietly, looking up at the lady with fixed attention.

"If me sorry every time, God forgives me, Father Anson told me."

"Are you sorry for this you have done today, Lola?" asked the lady.

Lola made no reply. She sat silently for a moment, then withdrew her hands from the lady's clasp.

"I do penance, it's all right. I guess Father Anson knows," she said. With these words she sprang from the hammock and tripped swiftly round the corner out of sight.

A week passed. Kindly-souled and pleasant-faced Mrs. Curton had just come back from a junketing tour with her husband in the mountains, a trip made on the backs of the small Mexican ponies, which do service in

place of coaches in the high plateaus of northern Mexico. She lay in her wrapper on a couch covered with Navajo blankets, tired out with the long jaunt, and just rousing from a sleep which she had needed after the tiresome trip during the night. Presently the low, narrow door turned on its hinges, and some one entered the room. Mrs. Curton turned her head toward the entrance, and saw a child's figure standing half inside the room. She had large, soft black eyes, a complexion slightly tinged with brown, and an abundance of black hair hanging in a single thick braid at the back of her head.

It was Lola, and as Mrs. Curton turned towards her, she came forward to the couch without waiting to be bid.

"Why, it's Lola!" said Mrs. Curton, sitting up as the child approached.

"I ben twice before," said Lola, sitting down on the further end of the sofa, and balancing herself on the edge.

"You came to me while I was away?" interrogated Mrs. Curton.

"Yes; they said you was to be comin' back pretty quick."

Mrs. Curton reached out and took Lola's hand. "What is it, Lola?" she asked; "have you been in any trouble since I saw you."

"No," said Lola, "I jess thought I'd come."

"Oh," said Mrs. Curton, half wonderingly. They both sat silent for a moment, then Lola spoke.

"I tole Father Anson what you tole me that time," Lola said at length, rather abruptly, "an' he tole me I better keep away from you. He said he guess all you are is a Protestant."

"Why Lola," said Mrs. Curton, "do you mean what I said about your—about what you did to the children that day?"

"I didn't tell him that," said Lola; "I tole him you said God wouldn't forgive me, if I confess and do penance, and then he said he guess you couldn't be anything but a Protestant."

"I am not a Catholic, dear, but what I told you is true. I am anxious to know what he thought of the occurrence that called forth what I said."

"You mean about the money?" asked Lola.

"Yes."

"I never tole him about thet."

"But, Lola, I thought you told me you must keep nothing back at confession," said Mrs. Curton.

"Oh, but I make that all right," said Lola; "jess the same I never done it."

"Make it right," echoed Mrs. Curton, inquiringly. "How is that, Lola?"

"I jess went back that time an' help Jose hunt," said Lola, triumphantly, "an' I foun' the money an' give it to him."

"Oh, Lola, I'm glad you did that," cried Mrs. Curton; "though of course, my dear," she added hastily, "it did not lessen the fact of your doing wrong at first." She was glad of what she looked at as a certain victory, in view of Lola's stolidity at their previous meeting, yet feared to make any concessions to the child's slack conscience.

"Wone God forgive me, so I make that all right?" asked Lola, a little uneasily.

"He will forgive you, certainly, Lola; but not if you keep on doing wrong. God requires something in return for His forgiveness of our faults, and it is that we should be so sorry for them that we overcome them entirely. We cannot expect Him to forgive us as long as our hearts delight in wrong doing."

Lola did not reply to this, but sat brooding silently for a moment, her

eyes fixed steadily on Mrs. Curton's face.

She had been brought up to think much of her religion in a way, her family and relatives being devoted in their attendance to the rites and requirements of the mother church. It had been all a matter of mere form to Lola, however, who had been trained to believe that her conscience and spiritual welfare were in the keeping of the priests, and that one was cleared and the other made secure by the regular personal confession of what sins were committed, and the performance of such acts of penance as were prescribed for one. The hint conveyed in Mrs. Curton's talk of individual accountability, and the requirement of the absolute destruction of sin, in order to insure divine pardon, was entirely new doctrine to her, and pondering over it in her childish, old-fashioned and shrewd way, she had been able to discern enough reason in it to make her somewhat uneasy. The pictures of eternal punishment which the Catholic fathers were wont to preach about, and whose torment, so they said, awaited the unforgiven sinner, were such as to make her extremely desirous of doing whatever was necessary in order to avoid it. This she supposed would be accomplished by her attendance at church, and devotion to confession and other ceremonials of the church, and her conscience remained clear in regard to her faults and offenses, so long as these were regularly observed.

Now, she had heard implied for the first time, that forms and observances counted for naught, and that if she continued to indulge in tricks and pranks to which (be it said in sorrow) she was by disposition and inclination much addicted, that neither the prayers nor

forgiveness of the priests, nor her own personal acts of temporary penance, would avail for her salvation. It was a problem from which many grown people recoil, and it is small wonder therefore, that finding nothing according to her own idea of logic which could serve as a good opposing argument to Mrs. Curton's assertions, she was glad to change the subject. She had sat for some time though endeavoring to find some comforting thought before her silence was broken, and Mrs. Curton, who had believed her to be at last impressed, was somewhat startled at length when the silence was broken by a question put by Lola, which was entirely foreign to the subject they had been discussing.

"How much you pay thet?" said Lola, pointing to a Mexican basket set on the center table in the room.

Mrs. Curton answered quietly, though a little pained and disappointed at the child's seeming indifference.

"Yes," said Lola, nodding her head, at the reply, "I guess you pay high; you American. they cheat you, make pay big price. Me, Mexican, they sell cheap."

She left Mrs. Curton's side at this, and went round the room, looking at the trinkets, and bric-a-brac which Mrs. Curton had picked up in her travel, commenting upon each in her shrewd, old manner as she went about the room.

*Josephine Spencer.*

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

---

PATIENT endurance of misfortune will alone half conquer it, while impatient murmuring does but increase the burden we bear.

. . . THE . . .

# Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### Sacrament for the Sick.

INQUIRIES have been made as to the propriety of administering the sacrament to those who are sick and unable to attend the sacrament meeting.

There can be no impropriety in the Teachers or other officers of the Church administering the sacrament to the sick at their own homes, when they are unable to attend meeting. Of course, if the sickness were a slight one, or for a brief period, there is no necessity for this; but in protracted cases of sickness, it is a comfort and a blessing to the afflicted ones for the sacrament to be administered to them.

### Temple Ordinances.

Another correspondent asks:

*First.* "If a family joins the Church in any country and emigrates to Zion; the parents get their endowments, and afterwards the children, one by one, get married in the Temples and get their endowments, whereby their names and the names of their parents are recorded in the books, and none of them have any desire to be adopted in any other family, is it then necessary that such children shall all go together at one time and be sealed to those who by nature hold the only right of ownership to such children?"

Undoubtedly it is necessary they should do so, unless they are born in the covenant—that is, after their parents

have been sealed for time and eternity by the authorities of the Priesthood.

*Second.* "Would any work done by such children in the Temple for any relative of their parents, such as baptisms or sealings for the dead, be valid, or would it be void—that is, before they are sealed to their parents?"

It would be quite valid.

*Thurd.* "Is it not to be understood that when a daughter marries she then leaves her father's family and goes to the family of the man whom she marries, and will belong there through all time to come? If so, what good does it then do for her to be sealed to her parents?"

It is necessary that children should be sealed to their parents, the object of the law of adoption being to connect the family of our father Adam together by those ties which are formed and sanctioned by the Priesthood, which is the authority of God on the earth. Marriages which have been performed outside of the Priesthood, the Lord has said are not recognized by Him in eternity. Therefore, to have the family organization maintained, there must be an ordinance by which that can be reached, and that ordinance is the law of adoption. By means of this ordinance the human family will be connected from generation to generation, clear back to our father Adam. Of course, the generations that have had the marriage ordinance administered unto them by the authority of the Holy Priesthood are not under the necessity of receiving the ordinance of adoption; for the sealing power by which husbands and wives are united, makes the offspring legitimate in the sight of heaven. The law of adoption, therefore, is for the benefit of those who are born of parents who have not been united by

the authority of the Holy Priesthood. In the case that is mentioned, the fact of a daughter being sealed to her husband belonging to another family, does not relieve her from the law of adoption. If she is born out of the covenant, she must of necessity, if she would be properly connected, obey the law of adoption, and that law will bind her to her parents.

#### The Judgment.

We have been asked:

"Will men be judged and rewarded according to their works, whether they receive the Gospel or not?"

We answer:

The teachings of the scriptures, both the Bible and Book of Mormon, are that *all* men will be judged according to the deeds done in the body. In this judgment will be considered the best light that each one possessed whilst dwelling in the flesh, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, the best light that was within their reach, and which they had the privilege of receiving, combined with the motives that prompted their deeds. For God, knowing the secrets of all hearts, will consider also the motives and intents of men, as well as the actions that arose therefrom. Those to whom the law of the Gospel was never revealed will not be judged by that law but by a lesser law, generally it is consistent to believe by the law that they themselves recognized as the rule of life and action.

Men will be rewarded, if they have done good, even before they receive the Gospel in the spirit world. Such we believe will be the condition of many in the telestial glory; the revelation on the different degrees of glory, given to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, conveys that impression to our minds.

While in that condition they will be ministered to by beings from the terrestrial glory, and have the privilege of receiving the message that those ministers bear.

#### ON THE BORDER-LAND OF LIGHT.

JOHN WADSWORTH stopped his horse at the parting of the road. He looked at one and then at the other, hesitating which one to take. Neither showed marks of much travel and the two canyons which met, and the two streams which here united were about the same size; by none of these signs therefore could he tell which was the main road. His horse pawed impatiently.

The traveler was in a quandary.

Presently he heard someone coming up the road behind him, and as he turned and looked the figure of a little girl darted from around a point of rocks. She was humming a tune, keeping time with her feet in the dusty road. Coming up, she stopped. The traveler's horse and cart blockaded the road.

"Little girl, can you tell me which one of these roads leads to Miner's Ranch?"

"Yes sir, it's this one;" and she pointed up the left hand ravine.

"Thank you. Which way are you going?"

"O, I'm going home. I live up here."

"Then you can ride with me—come on."

The girl was shy, and hesitated as she climbed up to the seat beside him.

"There, now then, get up Bess."

The sun had gone behind the mountains, and long streaks of light and shade streamed over the hilltops, over the narrow ravine, and playfully touched the cliffs and pines on the eastern

ridges. The shadows grew longer and deeper.

John Wadsworth's cart rattled over the not too even road, the little girl grasping tightly the guard irons of the seat. His observations contracted from the grandeur of scenes around him, to the little figure by his side. She interested him to such an extent that the cart wheels were often in danger of striking against some protruding stones.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Turah," she answered.

"Turah," he repeated. "That's for Keturah, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it's Keturah what—what more?"

"Benten."

"Benten! I thought so!" exclaimed John Wadsworth, and he so far forgot his reins that his cart struck a rock, shaking the little girl severely. Something dropped from the folds of her dress to the road, and broke with a crash.

"Oh," exclaimed she, "there goes mamma's medicine! Oh, sir, it's all spilled, and mamma's so sick—and—"

Turah sobbed aloud.

The bottle was in fragments, and its contents escaped over the rock into the sand.

"Well, that's too bad, little girl. But it can't be helped now. Is your mamma sick?"

"Yes, sir, and I've been all the way down to the forks for this medicine, and there's no doctor around here—and mamma's head won't get better."

"Well, well, never mind, jump up again. I'm something of a doctor myself, and I'll go see your mamma."

Turah dried her tears and piloted the way. Indeed a pilot was needed, as the road to Turah's home soon branched to a route that was nearly impassable

for vehicles. They drove over ridges and side hills, where there was danger of sliding into the ravine below. It was plain that the road had been but roughly made, and that some time ago. A half-hour's drive brought them to the top of a hill.

"There!" exclaimed Turah, "there's where we live, mamma and me."

It was a strange and enchanting scene that burst before John Wadsworth. The ravine had opened and spread into a little valley of perhaps not more than ten acres. The bottom was verdant with grass, but a square patch here and there showed signs of former cultivation. Autumn tints of yellow and red tinged the bush. A creek flowed at one side, and by it close up to the cedars and pines which formed a circle around this beautiful spot, stood a log hut. There was a corral at the back and a shed. A curl of smoke arose from the rock chimney and completed the picture. The purple of the Western sky reflected yet on the topmost pines, but the valley lay in the twilight as if asleep.

The traveler had been questioning his companion, and from her he had learned a wonderful history, interwoven as it had been, and seemed yet to be with his own; he therefore drank in the panorama before him with strange eagerness. His horse picked his way carefully down the slope.

Previous to John Wadsworth's becoming a Latter-day Saint and moving to the West, he had been acquainted with one Keturah, a girl with brown eyes and dark hair, round of figure and gay and sweet—just the image of the little girl beside him—John had thought a great deal of her. It might have been just a school boy fancy, but it was honest and pure for all that. But



the girl had not encouraged him in his devotions. John had moved, and in time become identified with the Latter-day Saints. Among them he had married and lived. That was six years ago. His wife had died, and he now had been a widower for four years. He had learned that Keturah had married a former friend of his by the name of George Benten, and—they were down in the valley now—and here in this mountain retreat he was to meet her again.

Was he? There was something mysterious about the whole matter.

At the sound of wheels a woman came to the door of the cabin. John drove up and Turah jumped down.

"Mamma, here's a gentleman that says he's a doctor, and I spilled your medicine, and——"

"I had better explain," said John, and he gave an explanation and his excuse for calling.

"You are very kind, sir," replied the woman, "but I fear my little girl has caused you unnecessary trouble."

"Not at all," answered John, and he, without waiting for an invitation, alighted and fastened his horse. He had recognized his former friend, and he followed Turah into the house.

By the lighted lamp he could see that, though rough without, the cabin was within as neat as a pin. But what a change in her whom he had known as a rosy-cheeked school girl. It had not been so many years ago, but her form and face showed that experience of half a life-time had been crowded into those few years. Mrs. Benten did not recognize her visitor, and when he made himself known she was, as can be imagined, greatly astonished.

"I am in no great hurry," said John. "By your permission I will tie my

horse in the shed, and keep him company for the night on the hay. I have an idea that you need help of some kind. We can talk it over this evening and tomorrow."

"Well, if you will, thank you. Perhaps you can help me."

That evening, as the three sat around the table, each with a bowl of bread and milk, they talked of the past, and John Wadsworth learned more of the history of his friend.

"We have lived here three years," she related, and the sadness in face and voice touched the listener.

"Three years this fall. George died last April—you passed his grave up on the side hill under that large cedar. You know George was never strong, and some years after our marriage we learned that he had consumption. We were advised to move to a higher climate, and three years ago we came to this wild but beautiful spot. The change seemed to help him at first, but it did not last, and—well, we are alone now, Turah and I. It did not seem possible for me to move away, and we have been living here alone all summer. But that isn't the worst," continued the woman as she pushed her chair away from the light. "There is, to my mind, a worse calamity than death."

There was a silence. John knew not what to say.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Wadsworth," she went on, "but I feel as though I must speak now. We have been friends, and I have kept it within so long, O so long."

"I wish to help you if I can," said John.

"Well, it is this: My husband died an unbeliever. He was not a Christian. He could not harmonize the teachings of the preachers, he said. You know I

have a Christian father and mother, and they instilled into my mind the necessity of believing on the Lord Jesus Christ in order to be saved. But George did not do that. He died in his sins. 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' That is it; that is the awful truth. O, it is terrible to think of it—to think that George, my husband, he who was so good in other ways, who was so kind to me, who loved me, and whom I love as I can no other—I say it is terrible to think that he is now suffering, and will ever suffer the torments of the damned. The fire of his torment cannot be quenched; his anguish cannot be stayed. There are no bounds, no limit to eternal punishment. The worm dieth not—no, my friend; but I suffer with him, for it fills my brain, and burns my heart, and eats out my life like a devouring worm!"

She nearly hissed the words.

"O, God, have pity!" she cried and burst into tears. John Wadsworth was awed by the scene, and he said nothing while the woman laid her head on the table and sobbed.

The whole secret was now as plain as day to him.

"My dear Mrs. Benten," said he, gently, after a while, "compose yourself. If I mistake not God has sent me here for a purpose and I wish you to listen to me."

The woman looked up. "Excuse me," she said, "I will listen to what you say."

"Have you never been down in the lower valley?" he asked.

"No, never. You see we were afraid of the Mormons at first, but now I know that was foolish."

"And you have never read a Mormon religious work?"

"No, and I don't care to. I am a

Christian woman, and don't care to change my belief. Though I have some pamphlets and a book sent me by a neighbor, I have never read them, they are over on yonder shelf now."

"Well, never mind; but let me tell you; do not worry over your husband's fate. He is not damned, nor is he beyond the reach of a merciful God."

"But he died an unbeliever."

"Yes, an unbeliever in the confused doctrines of the world. Let me tell you another thing: George will yet hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and there is no doubt in my mind that he will receive it."

"Mr. Wadsworth, my husband is dead. How can you speak like that?"

"There is no such thing as death; only a change from one sphere to another."

"And can the Gospel be preached to those that are gone to another sphere?"

"Please hand me your Bible." John turned its pages over and read:

"For for this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead," etc. Then he read of the Savior's visit to the spirit world, and talked of His mission there, and the great work still going on for the reaching and saving of the sons and daughters of God; and the woman sat and listened. A radiant look was on the pale face. She drank in the words as a perishing soul drinks to quench a devouring thirst.

It was getting late. Turah was asleep in her chair. John went to the shelf, took down the neglected books and handed her a tract. He opened a book called "Key to Theology," and marked a number of chapters.

"Here," said he, "read this, and in the morning I will explain more. Good night."

John was in no hurry to call again

next morning, but when he did he found breakfast ready and the two books lying on the table. Mrs. Benten was waiting.

"Good morning, Mr. Wadsworth. I have read what you told me to. But what does this mean? and this? and this? It speaks of existing as man and wife in the eternal worlds. Is it possible that I could have George as a husband in the next world?"

"That is certainly possible," said he.

She looked at him. There was a peculiar light in her eyes.

"And where is this, Mr. Wadsworth," and she read from the book:

"There in the holy chambers<sup>of</sup> of the sanctuary are revealed and administered those sacred ordinances and sealings. \* \* \* There ties are made which are stronger than death, more durable than the ramparts of the snow-clad mountains, and which will never dissolve—

While life or thought or being lasts,  
Or immortality endures."

"Where is this place?" she asked. She was all aglow with excitement. "Tell, me, O, Mr. Wadsworth; I have prayed so for this! I see it now. <sup>3</sup>I understand, I believe it all. I've been waiting and praying all this time, and God has been good. He has<sup>2</sup> answered my prayer."

Breakfast was neglected and grew cold, while John Wadsworth explained and answered her questions. Salvation for the dead, marriage for eternity, and the newly-revealed principles of adoption and sealing were expounded and talked over. Breakfast nearly usurped dinner time.

"Now I must go," he said. "I will call again when I return."

A week later John Wadsworth drove down the hill again, and Turah ran to meet him.

"Well," said he to Mrs. Benten, "I see you are ready to move. Where are you going?"

"First down in the valley to see the outside, at least, of your temple."

"And then?"

"I hardly know."

"Well, I have a plan. I have a place down there, a good farm house, which needs some one to look after. Come down and take charge, and then after a while——"

She looked at him.

"Yes," he said, "after a while we will go into that temple and——"

"George is my husband," was the hurried reply. "I want him."

"Yes, yes. I will not rob him nor you. He shall be yours for eternity, but for time you can live with me."

"Well, I'll have to think about that," she said with a shake of her head; but she also smiled, the first time for many days.

*Nephi Anderson.*

#### THE GOSPEL IN ROSKILDE.

IN a former article something of Roskilde and its cathedral was said, but for all that many thrilling scenes of royal life and gayety cluster around its history. The nineteenth century has witnessed a very important event, though the same is hidden from the worldly mind. We mean the introduction of the Gospel and its rejection by the inhabitants of that city.

Early in the fifties two humble Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints visited Roskilde with a message of "tidings of great joy." They began their work, but before long a howling mob assembled, and, like all the unwise, judged before hearing, and thrust out the messengers of salvation,

who under police protection were escorted out of town.

But there was at least one honest soul in the hall listening to the truth; to her it sounded sweet; it was the voice of the true shepherd. She believed, but for ten years more she was doomed to grope around in dark Babylon, with a continued sigh to God for the truth.

At length it was whispered among the neighbors that a poor woman, an humble fish peddler, of a near village, had become a Saint. Again the mention of Saints sounded strange and searching to the innermost feelings of a sensitive and bleeding heart for the truth. She reflected, and said to God in silent prayer, "If she be indeed a Saint, let her visit me, that I may know the truth."

Sister J——, the fisher woman referred to, did not want to call at Mrs. ——'s, but she was now impressed by the Spirit of God, which filled her heart with joy, and prompted her to call on Mrs. ——. Two days had not passed from the time the silent prayer was offered until Sister J—— called at the door of Mrs. ——, wishing to sell fish. Mrs. —— was now amazed. Before her stood the same old lady whom she had formerly seen, that too without being at all changed excepting she carried a happier countenance; she had no horns and no saintly garb, but was simply an humble fish peddler, with her usual basket full of good fish.

After being invited in and seated, Sister J—— was questioned, and given a full and a free opportunity to tell what she knew of the great work and wonder the Lord had caused to come forth. The message was received, the seeds of truth germinated at once. The old, dusty Bible was now carefully

wiped off and read, and the city visited from house to house by Elder H——.

Before long two candidates for admission to the Church of Christ, one quiet summer evening, stood on the shores of the beautiful firth of Roskilde. Both were convinced of the truth, but Mrs. —— had not yet asked her husband if he believed, but had simply asked permission to be baptized, and requested the presence of Mr. ——, that no evil report might be circulated. Mr. —— had said nothing, seeing his wife was so enthusiastic. But imagine Mrs. —— surprise while by herself preparing for the water, at hearing the water suddenly splash. Were they detected by wicked men? she queried to herself silently; then she asked, "What noise was that?" The reply was: "Mr. —— was baptized."

Soon after this first Gospel door of that city was opened, the people became more enraged: the city was being quietly and carefully canvassed, and before long a branch was organized. The Elders found a good and welcome home at Brother ——, who was then moderately well-to-do. The servants of God came and went; the branch grew in numbers and in the grace of God; mob violence increased, and the Elders were frequently attacked. Elder E——, now of Logan, was mercilessly beaten, and had a narrow escape, and the writer, then a small boy, was a common pummeling object to the city boys.

In time a hall was engaged for the Saints to meet in. The appointed time for meeting was quietly circulated among the Saints and their friends. But the mob learned of it, and published it. Elder E——, the President of the conference was present. The hall and yard were promptly filled with a howling

mob, whose pockets were filled with stones with which to treat the Saints. Elder E——, seeing the situation, was prompted to relate his experience in serving the King of Denmark as a soldier. This had a good effect; the mob became silent and interested. But a city official interrupted, and at once the meeting was broken up; the police were engaged, and escorted the Elders to Brother ——'s.

The next Sunday was a repetition of the first, except in the police refusing to protect the Saints. The third Sunday the Saints concluded not to hold a meeting, but the mob published, as usual, the hour of meeting. Their disappointment at not finding their prey now thoroughly enraged them. They rushed down to the outer edge of the city where a poor widow sister lived, smashed in her windows, forced open the door, and searched the house for the Mormon Elders.

The mob was now intoxicated with fury at not finding any victims. This widow was poor, alone and defenseless. Not many laurels were won by wreaking destruction in general on her humble domicile.

The next place was the school where Brother —— resided. He was janitor, and had charge of the buildings and school grounds. The streets leading to that part of town were now lined with a curious crowd, the main portions of which were making all manner of hideous sounds, throwing stones and relating their brave and skillfully (?) planned intentions to their comrades. Others were there as spectators, glorying in their bold and daring (?) fellow-citizens over-riding all law and order and abusing a few honest and well-meaning citizens. The police also enjoyed the fun. They took side streets

running parallel with the ones occupied by the mobbers, and peeped around the corners to watch proceedings.

At last the school was reached. The gate leading through the heavy plank bulwark happening to be open, they entered but were at once discovered. Mr. ——, accompanied by his wife, met them on the school grounds and inquired as to their wants. They revealed a longing desire to interview the "Mormon priest," as they styled him. Brother —— kindly informed them the gentleman whom they sought was not at leisure, and that they would have to kindly postpone their interview till some other more convenient time. Being on the grounds of the high school, they had some respect for what might follow, and upon being invited out by the janitor, they retreated slowly through the gate, closely followed by Brother —— and wife. The leader of the mob, a big, burly countryman, was now the last to emerge into the street; and as the gate slowly closed upon his heels, he turned and hooked his large, crooked-headed cane around Brother ——'s leg, intending to pull him into the street and there abuse him. Sister ——, however, closed the gate quickly leaving Brother —— on the inside, where he soon released himself from the cane. The mob was now shut out in the street, where they cursed and swore vengeance, and threw stones over the high enclosures, behind which Brother and Sister —— were fully protected from the effects of their missiles.

Smarting under the effects of such foul treatment, Sister —— was the recipient of a real manifestation of the power of God. The school being provided with a main entrance to the street, she felt to pass through it and the mob and go to the city hall to notify the

police of the outrage. Acting upon the impulse she rushed out into the street and passed through the mob unnoticed, and not until quite clear of the furious gang was she observed. Some gave chase, yelling out, "There goes the Mormon woman," but to no effect. The city hall was safely reached, and the police notified, but, how strange, the police were out assisting, protecting and encouraging the mob! Seeing the mob shut out, and fearing they would destroy the school property, the police now appeared and dispersed the crowd.

The police came up to Brother —, politely saluted him, and told him they believed he would be perfectly safe in returning to his house, as the mob was now dispersed; and that they would maintain order.

*Friis.*

#### POACHING IN BOHEMIA.

##### The Unseen Factor.

###### CHAPTER XV.

IN presenting to the public this powerful but unseen influence upon the civilization of a State, the most commonplace exactions of etiquette demand that a page shall be turned and a new chapter dedicated to his consideration.

Without a correct understanding of the character and disposition of this personage, any picture of California society would be incomplete. He has left his ineradicable impress on every page of the State's history. Supreme and unconquerable, he demoralizes the lowliest homes, invades the loftiest mansions, and pervades the seats of government, leaving havoc in his train. With sacrilegious audacity he even ascends the pulpit, and thwarts the man of God in his ministrations to humanity.

This being is endowed with the gift of omnipresence in the territory he has usurped. The haunted victim who would flee from him may seek in vain throughout the length and breadth of the Coast, for a place where the enemy is not. He may take hapless refuge in the fruit belt of the foot hills, in the grain fields of the interior, in the orange groves of the South, but the persecutor will keep close on his track, until he wails out his defeat from the topmost peak of the Sierras.

This villain has no respect for persons. In his presence the judge upon the bench trembles before a power that the scepter of authority can never reach; the actor on the stage tears his locks in unsimulated despair; the fair maiden shrinks in horror from his approach; the rosy, cooing infant wails in terror, and even the aged and infirm are not exempt from his irreverent attacks.

We are discussing the most active element for evil in all the fair domain of California. He is an iconoclast, razing the loftiest structures reared by the intellect, defeating the grandest flights of eloquence. He is a power in politics, active at conventions, and pursuing his mischievous work even at the polls. He influences judicial decisions, names candidates for the divorce courts, reinforces the insane asylums, brings havoc and confusion into business circles, and populated our prisons by goading men to desperation and crime. Yet despite his widespread and notorious work, his potent and incontrovertible logic, he has never before received public acknowledgment, but as if by deliberate concurrence, has been relegated to obscurity and oblivion.

No longer shall this injustice be countenanced. Lift thy double-clawed

fingers to thy bird-like head; flash those jewel-like black eyes upon the world to which thou art now presented, by the peculiar power of thy optics multiplying a thousand-fold the numbers of the human race, while reducing their size to the stature of the pigmy that thou art, pull the plummy antennæ that project from thy brow, in gracious greeting; then crook thy treble pair of quadruple-jointed limbs, leap into space five thousand times the measure of thine active anatomy, and drink the life-blood of him on whom thou chancest first to alight. Powerful and unseen factor of California civilization, *Pulex Irritans* of polite society, known to the honest multitude as the California flea.

McGillivrae, jaunty and self-possessed, advanced to the front of the platform, and began upon the first paragraph of his address:

"Friends and fellow citizens!"

At this point the orator gave a sudden start, and the rich color faded from his cheek. A small object had dropped from its perch on his shirt collar, to a foraging ground of the stout muscles and thin skin of his Milesian neck. He was shaken by conflicting emotions of dismay, dread, hope and despair.

"When our forefathers the Argonauts sailed their white-winged ships between the rocky barriers of the Golden Gate ——" he was breathing more freely now; to be sure it was a disagreeable sensation, that incessant crawling about his neck and shoulders, but if the infernal little creature, as McGillivrae inwardly denominated the foe, would only confine himself to making a tour of his person, the orator might be able to hold out.

"They never penetrated the misty veil of the future."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted his constituents in approval, and at this burst of

confidence the stealthy visitor elevated himself on his hind legs and thrust his proboscis into McGillivrae's neck.

The orator felt a strong inclination to leap into the air, but conquered his temptation, and satisfied himself with beating his breast with his fists in an impassioned and dramatic manner, a proceeding which aroused smiles among a certain faction, who concluded that the young Irishman had imbibed more Cork Lightning than usual, before taking the platform. This performance had the effect of urging the unseen offender to seek fresh fields.

McGillivrae made a stout effort to regain his equanimity, but the thread of his narrative was lost.

"As I was saying, friends and fellow citizens—oh, heavens!"

His unbidden guest, having meandered on a zig-zag line across his body and over his shoulder, suddenly ran a lance deep into his left shoulder blade. McGillivrae faced the audience in speechless agony, while he made desperate clutches at the little demon with his right hand, a performance that removed from his line of vision the edge of his white cuff, whereon he had penciled a few notes, to refresh his memory. He made another desperate oratorical lunge.

"Friends and fellow citizens, we have met today to celebrate the anniversary of the freedom of our country." Alas! his treacherous memory had brought forth a forgotten clause of his last Fourth of July speech.

"Good for you!"

This inelegant remark proceeded from some invisible source, on the conservative side of the house.

The chairman, anxious to sooth away his favorite's discomfiture, addressed some encouraging remark, sotto voce,



but the flea, swiftly working his way adown the unhappy orator's back, was leaving a chain of maddening reminders. Human nature could endure no more. With a howl McGillivrae fled through the door at the rear of the stage.

"Oh, you wicked little monster!" he raved, as he disappeared from sight.

Now it chanced that the chairman, although a gentleman of considerable local importance, was small of stature, and not over comely to look upon, and he and his friends felt justly indignant at the parting reflection apparently hurled at him by the fugitive orator. So it chanced that the Major, entering the hall at the moment of his antagonist's informal departure, when placed in nomination and called upon for a speech, by his genial address captured not only the whole of the doubtful faction, but the bulk of McGillivrae's supporters as well.

It is true that the Major's nomination and subsequent election to the office of Assemblyman, turned on a very trivial circumstance; but the thoughtful reader, reviewing the events above narrated, will see that in this instance the little insect served the best interests of the State.

It takes a man of spiritual stamina to master the torments of the body in such an extremity as McGillivrae's: a quality which that young man did not possess. The Major would never have succumbed to such a trifle, even had not his tough skin, hardened by years of bivouacking in the open air, rendered him impregnable to such an assault.

"Now, boys, I'll stand treat for the crowd," announced the Major, when the convention had adjourned, for McGillivrae's money burned in his pocket.

Piloting them all to a neighboring

bar, the newly nominated Assemblyman proposed his invariable toast:

"May the Lord love us, and not 'call' us too soon."

### Playing for High Stakes.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"Graham is really going up in the world at last!" said Gastonberry, addressing the Major, as they met on the stairs in the old building one afternoon a few weeks later.

"Glad to hear it. By what line? Got a franchise to the moon?"

"Legitimate method this time. Piece of enterprise on the part of the proprietor of the Bay View Gardens. They have got hold of an old balloon somewhere, and have hired Graham to go up in it. One of the attractions promised at the Gardens next Sunday. Graham parades a sober purpose for making the ascent. His latest scheme is to build an elevated railroad down Market Street, and he says he wants a look at the roofs along the route. Miss Twitcham is going up with him, to write up the project for the *Puff*. Really, the affair is to be a drawing card for the Garden, and they are both to be well paid.

"Something will happen," said the Major. "That fellow always goes up like a rocket and down like a stick. Something will happen."

Something did happen. There was some defect in the great air bag, some mistake in the management. The huge bulk lifted into the air, lunged to one side as the stiff trade wind struck full against it, righted itself again, and gave another lurch that brought it scraping along the cornice of a tall building. There was a cry of horror from the assembled multitude, a sharp, splitting

sound, and the great airship instantly collapsed while the swaying basket, with its two occupants, fell with a thud to the ground.

There was a physician in the crowd. He was called, and made a hasty examination.

"The woman has only a few flesh wounds. She would better be taken home at once. The man is dying. Send for his wife and family, if he has any."

Send for the neglected wife and child. Tell the woman who for so many years patiently suffered every privation and humiliation for his sake: who has upheld and defended him against every aspersion that his idleness and faithlessness have brought against him; who would gladly have followed him into the humblest home that the honest labor of his own hands might have provided her: who has all along cherished a lingering hope that some day he might fulfill the promise of his early manhood; tell her that this is the end.

He did not know her when she knelt by his side.

He was muttering disjointed fragments of the vast plans that had filled his mind, obscuring the holy duties that had been set before him.

"Lots of irons in the fire. Sure to make a smashing success some day. Come in, and talk it over, Major. What'll you have? Don't be delicate, man. I'm in funds today. Can't a fellow stand treat to a friend? Now you are looking at me like Seymour. Seymour thinks a man shouldn't spend a dime for wine or cigars, so long as he can't take care of his wife and child. I'm not the man to grub along the way he does. I'm after a big pile. A big pile or nothing. That's my motto."

"Hush dear!" murmured his wife, stroking the forehead where the death damp was gathering.

"I'll make my pile before long. Other men have done it. Why not I? There's that colonization business. Lots of money in it, when I can get some rich man to see it, and put his hand in his pocket. And that machine for saving all the gold in magnetic sand. Every foot along the ocean beach will be taken up, and a thousand machines be in operation, once some one puts capital in a factory, and we get the machines on the market. I'll house Margery in a million dollar mansion yet, and she shall wear diamonds as big as pigeon's eggs. My--throat--burns. Water!"

It was his wife who raised his head and put the water to his lips. The draught of cool liquid seemed to restore his senses for he looked around him and feebly inquired where he was and what was the matter.

"You have been hurt, badly hurt," her white lips contrived to utter.

"I'll be all right soon."

She looked at him so mournfully that some inkling of the truth dawned upon him.

"It is nothing serious, Margery?"

Still she could only look sadly at him, while tears gathered in her eyes.

"You don't mean that I am in danger of getting up crippled in anyway? It's impossible. You don't know my constitution. Why, I am strong as a horse."

Oh, that he had spent his strength to better purpose!

Something ailed his breath. He tried to raise himself, and failed. An awful pallor came over his face. A terrible fear seized upon him. Neglected duty arose before him, a grim

accusing presence, and his useless years trailed past, in mournful procession.

"Margery! I cannot die and leave you and the baby unprovided for. Oh, God! For a little more time. A few days more. I always meant—always—to take care of you—after a while. Dying—a pauper. Leaving you—my wife and child—beggars. By the Lord above us! I'll make it yet."

A sudden fever surged through his veins. The glare of madness was in his eyes. With a desperate effort he lifted his hand and beckoned to the physician, who obeyed the gesture.

"Send some one down to the railroad offices. Get the plans for the bridge crossing the bay—on my table, and take them there. Tell Huntington I abate my figures half a million—half a million—you hear?"

For some moments he lay with closed eyes, and only his labored breathing was heard. Then he sprang to a sitting posture, his eyes shining.

"Cable De Lesseps! Tell him—I've hit the secret—of irrigating—the Desert of Sahara. A siphon—from—the sea—over the mountains on—the Atlantic Coast. I'm playing—for big stakes—big stakes!"

He fell back as he spoke. Was the big stake lost or won?"

*Flora Haines Loughhead.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### PALESTINE.

SUNDAY School teachers who are using the New Testament as a text book will find a map of Palestine or the Holy Land a great help to them in tracing the journeyings of the Savior and His apostles. A large atlas hung up before the class would be most convenient, but a smaller one in the hands of each student will serve the purpose. By re-

ferring to the map whenever the lesson statement mentions a new place visited by the Savior or some of His apostles, the members of the class will get a better understanding and a more lasting impression of the lesson.

It should be understood that Palestine, the country in which the Savior sojourned upon the earth while in mortality, is situated in the extreme western part of Asia, bordering on the Mediterranean sea. The country lying west of the Jordan at that time was divided into three parts, known as Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. On the accompanying map these names are placed in capital letters, and the divisions between the three districts are marked by dotted lines. The lake in the southern part of Palestine, marked on the map Lake Asphaltites, is more commonly known as the Dead Sea. Directly west of the northern end of this lake is Jerusalem, the capital. The places near by, which are mentioned in the New Testament can readily be located. A little to the south is Bethlehem; to the east Bethany; to the north-east Jericho. Tracing the river Jordan towards its source we find Lake Gennesaret, called also Tiberias or Sea of Galilee. Surrounding this lake will be found several towns and cities mentioned in connection with the travels of the Savior, such as Capernaum, Bethsaida, Cana, Nain, and some distance to the south-west, Nazareth. Places mentioned in the accounts of the apostles' travels are also indicated on the map.

Palestine is about 140 miles long, from north to south, and from 25 to 90 miles in width. The scale of miles given will aid the student in calculating distances on the map. The Holy Land presents a variety of climate, owing



to the diversity of its surface. The altitude of its highest mountains is 10,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, while the surface of the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The animals and vegetation of Palestine are also greatly varied, there being representatives of plant and animal life of all shades of climate from the tropics to the Arctic regions.

#### YOUTH IN OLD AGE.

It is not every man who can give such an account of himself at ninety, as this of ex-Governor Throup of New York:

"A good appetite three times a day, delicious sleep and not an ache or pain in the whole body, the mind all the while fully alive to what is going on in the world and all the time in good spirits."

The last was the best of all. There are a great many young people who would pay a great deal of money for such a "health bill." It is worth while inquiring into the manner of life of a man who could retain his health and spirits in that way for almost a century.

In the first place, he followed strict regularity in eating. Breakfast at eight, dinner at one, and tea at sundown or near it. He did not eat between meals, and was temperate in his habits.

He was a fine gardener, and spent most of the forenoon, in fine weather, out of doors, overseeing and working with his men.

He went to rest at nine and arose at six, and also took a nap in the course of the day. This last was but the least important particular in his system of life. Probably no one thing helped so much to keep his nervous system in fine

order, and his spirits young and cheerful. Too little sleep brings with it a train of miseries for both body and mind. The brain cannot recruit itself in any other way. The prematurely old and worn-out are invariably people who sleep too little. There are few who can get along well without eight hours' sleep, and most brain workers would be the better for nine. Dr. Hall used to say, that when he wished to put himself in training for writing a book he used to eat a third less, and, if possible, sleep a third more.

Every hour out of doors in fine weather is so much gain to the life-force. Nothing but out-door air can purify the lungs and the blood, which are the life of the system. A set of garden tools would do many a delicate lady more good than a drug store full of medicines.

#### IN EARLY DAYS.

##### Incidents of My Early Days in the Church.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 524.]

IN previous communications it was mentioned that Joseph Smith, the father of the Prophet, visited Pontiac, Michigan, also Hyrum, the elder brother of the Prophet, and the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon. I have heard all of them testify to having seen and handled the gold plates. But just now I wish to speak of Joseph Smith, the Father of the Prophet, who was the first Patriarch in the Church. What led Father Smith to visit Pontiac was this: His wife, Lucy Mack Smith, had a brother, Stephen Mack, living in Pontiac. In early times Mr. Mack built the turnpike road from Detroit, twenty-six miles, to Pontiac. Detroit was only an Indian trading post in

1800, when Major Mack first settled there. In 1812, the year in which Hull surrendered Michigan Territory to the British Crown, Major Mack became so indignant over the event that he broke his sword over his knee and threw it into Lake Michigan, exclaiming that he would never submit to such a disgraceful compromise while the blood of an American ran through his veins. This drew the especial vengeance of the English upon his head, and his store and goods were burned.

I mention these incidents to show that there was good blood in the family from which the Prophet Joseph sprang.

Mother Smith visited Pontiac at different times, and was the chief cause of the Gospel reaching Pontiac in so early a day. Soon after the organization of the Church, while Mother Smith was visiting her brother, she came in contact with a Presbyterian minister, a Mr. Ruggles, who sneeringly and scoffingly asked, "Are you indeed the mother of that poor, foolish, silly boy, Joe Smith, who pretended to translate the Book of Mormon?"

Mother Smith looked him full in the eye, and replied, "I am, sir, the mother of Joseph Smith; but why do you apply to him such epithets as these?"

"Because," said his reverence, "he imagines he is going to break down all other churches with that simple Mormon Book."

"Did you ever read that book?"

"No, it is beneath my notice."

"But," rejoined Mother Smith, "the scriptures say, prove all things. Now, sir, I tell you that book contains the everlasting Gospel, and it was written for the salvation of your soul, by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost."

"Pooh," said the minister. "I am not afraid," said he, "of any member of

my church being led astray by such stuff. They have too much intelligence."

The spirit of prophecy rested upon Mother Smith, and she said, "Mr. Ruggles, mark my words: As true as God lives before three years we will have more than one-third of your church; and, sir, whether you believe it or not, we will take the very deacon, too."

This prediction was fulfilled literally; the deacon was the first man baptized.

Soon after this, Mother Smith returned home, and told of her visit and the good impressions made on David Dort, his wife and others, and the Prophet Joseph sent Elders Jared Carter and Joseph Wood as missionaries to Michigan. Mother Smith may be counted as the first missionary to Michigan, followed by the two above-named. Subsequently Mother Smith, Father Smith, the Patriarch Hyrum, Joseph and others visited Pontiac. The power of his priesthood rested mightily upon Father Smith. It appeared as though the veil which separated us from the eternal world became so thin that heaven itself was right in our midst. It was at one of these meetings held during this time when I received my patriarchal blessing under the hands of Father Smith. Naturally Father Smith was not a man of many words, but sober-minded, firm, mild and impressive. The exception, however, was at those blessing meetings; for truly the Holy Ghost gave utterance. Many of his words, although not written, recur to my mind as I pen these lines, for so impressive and strikingly were they sealed upon our heads.

*Edward Stevenson.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FOR THE BOYS.

MANY young men and boys when starting out to learn a trade or a business seem to take more interest in the amount of wages they are to receive than they do in their work. Very often they will leave a position where they have an excellent opportunity to learn a good business just because their wages are small. In some cases a boy's parents are in such circumstances that they cannot afford to have him work for such low wages, but in most instances where this happens the boys themselves are unwilling to work for a small salary, or, if they do continue at their work, they do not take the interest they should.

Young men who take such a course as this make a serious mistake. It is not a good thing for a boy or young man to have much money, as it makes him extravagant and wasteful. Not knowing the value of it he never learns to economize—a habit that is of more value than riches.

The first consideration of a young man when starting to work should be to do his work well and give satisfaction to his employers. The habits he acquires and the things he learns by taking such a course are worth more to him in after life than any amount of money he could possibly earn during the first few years of his apprenticeship.

It is a noticeable fact that a great many men who have acquired success and wealth in their business have begun by working for very small wages.

The following narrative is an illustration of the foregoing assertion:

A prosperous merchant of Northampton, Massachusetts, began his career as an apprentice to the man who once owned the business he is now proprietor of. When he was between sixteen and

seventeen years of age he was apprenticed for the term of five years. He agreed to work the first year for \$25 and his board; for the second year \$50, and for the third year \$75. Just before the end of the five years the proprietor came to him, and the following conversation, as related by the apprentice, took place:

"Sidney, how much money have you got?"

"Money," I exclaimed. "Why, I haven't got a cent."

"How much do you owe?" he asked.

"Ten dollars."

"Who to?"

"The dentist."

"Is that all your debt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he offered to make me his partner. You can just imagine how my eyes bulged. He proposed loaning me \$6000 without interest for five years, with which to purchase a half-interest in the store.

"I want you to take the laboring oar," he said, 'and I'll take life easy. At the end of each year I'll give you one-third of the profits. That's my proposition. Now take a few days to think it over.'

"I was so dumbfounded I could hardly speak. Then I blurted out: 'I don't need any time to think over such a generous proposition as that; of course I will accept.'

"All right," he replied. 'Go ahead with your inventory.'

"At the end of the first year I bought a new pocket-book and placed in it one hundred gold dollars, my first dividend from the firm. Then I walked home and gave it to my father as a New Year's gift. From that year to the present there has not been a year when we have not paid every dollar that we



owed and had a small profit for ourselves."

A few years after taking his apprenticeship as a partner the original proprietor sold his share of the business and retired. Thirty-three years later the apprentice bought the entire business, and still owns it.

### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

#### Preparation for Statehood.

THE necessary preparations to have Utah become a State will cause serious responsibilities to rest upon the people of Utah. There never was a time when prudent action and wise counsels were more required than at present. When former State constitutions have been framed to present to Congress, for the purpose of having the Territory admitted as a State into the Union, there was a unity of sentiment and a oneness of feeling, that made the labor comparatively easy. It is true there were in each convention men of different sentiments and views, but the great majority of the delegates were practically of one mind. Party feeling had not arisen to cause contention and to divide them. They represented the people, and had but one object in view—the framing of a constitution that should contain the best possible provisions, and that should protect the people's rights and insure the largest civil and religious liberty.

Since the holding of the last convention there has been a division in the Territory on party lines, and a good deal of attention is being paid to politics and to the success of party. In fact, it is astonishing at times to see the zeal displayed by some individuals to secure party advantage. Some have carried this feeling so far that it has

seemed that they could not be more absorbed and zealous if their eternal salvation were dependent upon the result.

It would be a deplorable thing to have this party spirit prevail in the selection of delegates and in the proceedings of the constitutional convention, after it shall have been organized. The fairest, the most experienced and the wisest men that can be found in the various precincts should be selected by the voters as delegates to the constitutional convention. And these delegates, when elected, should forget that they are partisans, and only remember that they are citizens selected to frame an instrument of the greatest importance to the living generation of men and women and to their descendants. With the experience which the history of the several states of the Republic furnishes with their constitutions, and which are the ripened fruit of long years of trial, our constitutional convention should frame for the people of the State of Utah a grand charter of liberty. We ought to have a model constitution that shall be the admiration of every lover of liberty and every friend of right.

The people of Utah have attempted great and beneficent reforms. They have been noted for their honest legislation and the correct administration of public affairs. For the forty-four years during which the Territory has been organized, not a whisper of suspicion of bribery has ever been breathed against a member of the legislature, or of the county courts or city council. No record can be found on this broad land to equal, certainly not to surpass it.

The constitution, therefore, should be so carefully framed as to provide the strongest possible safeguards for the maintenance of this high character, and

to insure to the State efficiency and economy in the administration of all its affairs.

The salaries of officials should be made moderate.

One of the crying evils of the times is the greed for office. We see exhibitions of this quite frequently. Many men desire office for the honor it gives; but too often it is the emolument which prompts the anxiety to obtain public offices. One of the means of checking this is to place salaries at a low figure. There will be a greater probability then of the office seeking the man than the man seeking the office. It is said against the proposal to make salaries moderate, that the officials who do not receive good salaries are likely to be tempted to resort to crooked practices in their official acts. This can only be met by the enactment and enforcement of severe penalties against all officials who use their positions to steal from the public.

There are plenty of honest men at the present time in this country, and let them be elected to office. Men should esteem it as an honor to hold an office which they have neither sought nor bought, but which their fellow-citizens have selected them to fill.

It is of the utmost importance to every citizen of Utah, that in launching the new State it shall be done properly. If our people will wisely use the power they have in their votes, this can be done. Do not select demagogues, noisy talkers, blatant partisans, or men who have no material interests in the Territory as delegates to the constitutional convention; but select discreet men, men of ripe judgment, who love their country, whose interests are thoroughly identified therewith, and who rise above every mean or low consideration—men

who will appreciate the noble duty assigned them, and who feel the responsibilities they owe to God, to their fellow-citizens, and to posterity.

*The Editor.*

#### ORIGIN OF THE WORD INK.

THE analogous word is given in the Encyclopædia Britannica in French "encre," and in German "tinte," and in no other language. But the Italian word for ink is suggestive of its origin. The word is "inchiostro," and is most probably the source from which the English word "ink" is derived. If we consider the meaning of the word "inchiostro" for the fluid which we call "ink," it will appear as the fluid employed "in chioistro," *i. e.*, in the cloister.

In the dark ages the monks were the only educated class of that period, and as in this country they for the most part came over from Italy, the word "inchiostro" must have been known among our forefathers as the medium employed by the monks for the transcription of documents (a work peculiarly an occupation of theirs), and the lengthy name "inchiostro" became by contraction the more convenient monosyllable "ink."

#### DEFINITIONS OF A FRIEND.

ONE who smiles on your fortunes, frowns on your faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our bereavements, and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.

One who, gaining the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom.

A friend is like ivy—the greater the ruin the closer he clings.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

## Our Little Folks.

### YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

#### A Trip Down a Mine.

I HAVE read in recent numbers of the INSTRUCTOR "Grandpa's Story," by Millie Babcock, and I think it a real nice, true story. I was glad her grandpa was saved from drowning, although he got a good ducking.

Perhaps there are a great many children of about my own age who have never seen a deep mine where men go down to dig for gold, silver, copper and lead ores.

Our house is the nearest one to the famed Eureka mine, and is also pretty close to the famous Bullion-Beck mine in Eureka, Juab County, Utah. These mines are both sunk deep into the earth. The Eureka is eleven hundred feet, and the Bullion-Beck between nine and ten hundred. There is powerful hoisting machinery at each, and also dynamos to make electric light. The Keystone mine is just a little north of the Bullion-Beck, and the main shaft is eight hundred feet deep. The hoisting engine at this mine is said to be the nicest in Tintic, and the place is lighted by electricity. Now I want to tell of my trip down the Bullion-Beck mine. First we had to get a pass or permit from the superintendent, which we presented to the station tender. This person was a strong, young man, dressed in blue shirt and overalls, heavy shoes, low crowned hat, and had a lighted lantern in his hand.

After glancing at the pass, the young man said, "All right, get on the cage." But before we get on the cage I want to tell what I saw. The floor of the house where we stood was made of iron

plates, and a number of iron cars stood along the wall opposite the shaft. The roof was very high. A frame of heavy timbers, nicely painted, stood over the shaft, and reached near to the roof. On top of this frame, and right over the center of the shaft were two large wheels, and over these came two wire cables or ropes, each one attached to a cage, while the other end was wound round a reel at the engine. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and a number of electric lamps made the place quite light. I could see the engineer standing by his engine, the brass oil cups and polished levers of which looked real pretty. The station-tender signals to the engineer by means of a small rope attached to a bell. This rope reaches down to the bottom of the shaft, and the station-tender can ring the bell from any of the stations.

There is a station on every level, and the levels are one hundred feet apart. Now even a small rope a thousand feet long would weigh a good deal, and would be too much strain on the bell, so I noticed an iron bar fastened to the bell rope with a heavy weight on the other end of it. This weight is equal to the weight of the rope, and when the rope is pulled from below it raises this weight as well as rings the bell. The bell is rung once to stop or start, twice to lower the cage, and three times when men are ready to come up.

Now, having said so much about the top of the shaft, if you are all ready we will get on the cage and go down. Our permit said we were to go to the seven hundred foot level. The station-tender stood one side while five of us got on the cage. When I stepped on the cage, I tell you I felt pretty nervous, to think there was only a thin iron plate between me and nine hundred feet of open

space. Only six are allowed to ride at one time, and the station-tender went down with us, as he always does with visitors. He stepped on the cage and rang the bell twice.

I noticed some small ropes hanging from an iron bar of the cage over my head, and caught hold of one of them to steady myself. All my readers who have seen an elevator in a large building, and ridden on one, have a good idea of what a cage in a mine shaft is like, only the cage goes so much faster. I felt the cage give a little shake, and all at once it seemed to drop from under me, and I thought I was falling into a dark hole in the earth. I tell you I was glad that I had hold of that little rope, and I just clung on to it.

In less than a minute from the time we started the cage gave two or three quivers and stopped. The station-tender stepped on to some more iron plates and said, "Come off." My brother Wilford took my hand, and I stepped off the cage trembling all over. This was the seven hundred foot level. An electric light was hung overhead, and when my scare was a little bit over I began to see objects. More iron cars loaded with ore stood ready to be pushed on the cage and hoisted.

The station is cut out of the solid rock, and seems to be only on one side of the shaft. Two levels run off from the station, one south and the other north.

Each of us got a candle and started along the south level. There are rails laid for the cars to run on, and in some places there are timbers set to hold the roof up. I could walk straight all the way in, but tall men have to stoop in places. This drift or level is five or six feet wide, and eight hundred feet long. I noticed more drifts branching off from

this one, some to the west, some to the east. We followed this main level about seven hundred feet. We turned around a little bend, and came to where some men were working. They had a machine there to drill holes in the rock. They said when they had six holes drilled they would put powder in them, and take away the machine and blast out the rock. This machine is run with compressed air supplied by pipes which lead it from the engine-room on top. It made an awful noise. We looked down a big hole and saw lights at the bottom and men working. There was a long ladder down this hole for the men to get up and down on. We then climbed a ladder about fifty feet straight up, and came to where more men were at work. Here we saw the pretty ore glistening all around us, the men working with picks, hammers and drills, and some shoveling the ore into chutes, which conducted it down to the level below, where the car-runners loaded it into the cars and took it to the station. I got spots of candle grease on my dress while climbing the ladders, for we climbed fifty feet more, and came out on the six hundred foot level. This level is just about the same in appearance as the seven hundred, with car tracks and chutes where the ore is loaded from the levels above. There was one electric light on this station also, but they go no farther than the stations.

I was not a bit scared to come up. We got on the cage, and I held on to the little rope. The light of the stations as we flashed past them, put me in mind of telegraph poles flying past, when riding on a railway train. There are nearly two hundred men working in the Bullion-Beck mine, and a great deal of ore comes out every day. As

far as I can learn, this is about how it is in all the other mines.

Although these mines are so deep, there is very little water found in them; but it is awful to think that poor men have to go away down into these dark holes so far and work with no light but that of a candle, among dirt and powder smoke, and foul air and falling rocks, and lead dust that makes them sick; then they have to go to the hospital.

Next to the dangers of the ocean, which sailors are subjected to, I think the miner risks more of life and health than any other tradesman for the sake of a living.

*Joanna Freckleton. Age 13.*

#### TO OUR PRIZE COMPETITORS.

OUR young friends who are competing for the prizes we offer for stories, would do well to read the article published in this number, entitled "A Trip Down a Mine," by Joanna Freckleton. It will give them an idea of the character of stories or articles we wish. What our young writers want to learn is to describe what they see; and to do this they must notice carefully. The fault with many of the little descriptive sketches we receive is that the writers do not tell enough about what they have seen. One, for instance, will write about a very intelligent horse or dog which he is acquainted with. In his story he will state that the animal is very knowing, but will not tell about any of the things it does that shows it is wise or intelligent. One young writer wrote a story about a visit he once made to a petrified forest, a subject that should be very interesting, but he did not tell anything about what he saw in the forest. If he had noticed

carefully what was about him while there he might have made a very interesting little sketch of what he had seen. These few hints may help those who are competing for the prizes we offer for little stories. The list of prizes will be found in No. 13 of the INSTRUCTOR for this year.

#### QUEEN ESTHER.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 527.)

ON the night before the second day's feast the king was very restless, and being unable to sleep, ordered the Chronicles, or notes of what had happened in the kingdom, to be read to him for amusement. It happened that the courtiers fell in with the passage concerning Mordecai's faithful deed by telling of the plot to murder the king. Ahasuerus asked if any reward had been paid Mordecai for his noble conduct. He received the answer that nothing had been done for him. He then resolved that such conduct should no longer pass unrewarded, and asked if any of his attendants were in the outward court waiting to see him.

Now Haman was waiting to seize an opportunity to ask the king's consent to have Mordecai hung. Ahasuerus desired Haman to enter, which he readily did.

The king said, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"

Haman, thinking that the king wanted to honor him, suggested that which he would like to enjoy. He thought it would be grand to be dressed in the royal apparel which the king had worn, and to ride the horse that the king rode upon, and wear the royal crown and be paraded round the streets. This he suggested to the king, and the

king seemed pleased with the idea. He then ordered Haman to prepare these things for Mordecai, and lead him through the streets, saying, "This is the man whom the king delighteth to honor." Haman obeyed the command, but went home full of mortification.

While he and Ahasuerus were feasting the second day the latter again asked Queen Esther what she desired and promised it should be given her. The queen then asked for her life and the lives of those of her nationality under the king's dominion. The king on realizing the nature of the decree which had been made respecting the Jews, was startled at the news, and asked in a rage, "Who is he and where is he who durst presume in his heart to do so?"

And Esther said, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman."

The king was terrified, angry and speechless. He then walked out in the garden to cool his temper before punishing Haman. If he thought of the decree he ordered to be sent out, he was perhaps the more angry to think he had been so cunningly led into signing it. On returning to Esther he found Haman beside Esther imploring mercy. The king never stopped in his rage to hear his petition, but instantly gave orders for his execution.

When one of the chamberlains told the king of the gallows he had built for Mordecai, the king commanded that Haman be hung thereon.

Esther was not yet satisfied; the decree ordering her people to be killed was yet in force, so she again entered the king's presence and begged for their release in some way. He said that they could gather together and take up arms and defend themselves when the dreadful day came.

Mordecai being now chief minister of the king, sent this new decree out.

When the time came many of the other people turned to the Jews' side for fear of being killed. The first day of the fight about five hundred in the city were killed. Thus, having come off victorious, the Jews had rest from their enemies.

Nothing more is said in the Bible of Mordecai, because this story of his acts was only written to show the care of God over His chosen people. His goodness is shown in everything.

Do you think it was by chance that Mordecai discovered the conspirators against the king—that the king's rest had been disturbed, and he ordered the Chronicles read to him? No, God ordained it all for the good of His favored people.

*May Spencer. Age 13.*

## PIECES FOR RECITATION.

### The Dog Kindergarten.

MIDGET and Fidget, and Dumpy and Dun,  
Were four little four-legged budgets of fun;  
They had a red house at the foot of the lawn  
Where they slept together from dark to dawn;  
From dawn to dark they romped and ran,  
Wrestled and tumbled till school began;  
Then Floss, their mother, set all in a row,  
To teach them the things that other dogs know,  
And cuffed their ears if they spoke too low!

"First lesson in Bark! Attend now, hark:

Bow-wow! so, speak it up loud as I!"

"Yip, yap, yap, yip, boog-boo, ki-yi!"  
 "Yip-yip!" said Midget; "Yap-ya!"  
 said Fidget;  
 "Boog-boo!" said Dumpy; "Ki-yi!"  
 said Dun.

To the pupils this was lively fun;  
 And the second lesson was just begun  
 When they saw a pussy-cat out by  
 the well;

Heels over head they went, pell, mell,  
 And the school broke up with a four-  
 pup yell!

"There are some things," Mother  
 Flossie thought,  
 "That little dogs know without be-  
 ing taught!"  
 But pussy was rather too spry to be  
 caught.

#### A GIRL WANTED.

WANTED, a girl—not a butterfly gay—  
 Who is gentle and sweet in a  
 womanly way;  
 No beautiful picture, so languid and  
 fair,  
 That always seems labelled, "Please  
 handle with care;"  
 But one in whose heart there is  
 hidden true worth,  
 Who faithfully follows her mission on  
 earth;  
 Hopeful and earnest in helping and  
 giving,  
 Finds plenty to do in the life she is  
 living;  
 Filling its duties with quiet content,  
 Whether adverse or pleasant, just as  
 they are sent;  
 In the garb of a queen, or in home-  
 spun arrayed;  
 Wanted always—that kind of a maid.

#### A BOY WANTED.

WANTED—a boy that is manly and  
 just,  
 One that you feel you may honor and  
 trust,  
 Who cheerfully shoulders what life to  
 him brings.  
 Its sunshine and pleasure, or trouble-  
 some things;  
 Whose eye meets your own with no  
 shadow of fear,

No wile on the face that is open and  
 clear;  
 Straightforward in purpose and ready  
 to push,  
 For "a bird in the hand is worth two  
 in the bush;"  
 Who scornfully turns from a some-  
 thing to gain,  
 If it bring to another a sorrow or  
 pain;  
 Who is willing to hold what is right  
 ever dear,  
 And is patient, unheeding the scoff  
 or the jeer—  
 That is the boy that is wanted here.

#### FUN=LOVING PARROT BLOWN UP.

IN Lexington Avenue, New York,  
 blasting for a cable road is going on at  
 frequent intervals. When a blast is  
 about to be set off the warning cry of  
 "Hi! there! Hi! there!" is heard.  
 Then all rush for places of safety. For  
 several days the alarm has sounded at  
 frequent intervals, and scared the men  
 when no blasts were to be exploded.  
 The foreman was unable to discover the  
 alarmist. Opposite the place of blast-  
 ing is the Hotel Peteler. To amuse his  
 children Mr. Peteler lately obtained a  
 loquacious parrot. Early one morning  
 lately Polly was missed from her cage.  
 Search for the screeching bird was  
 fruitless for a long time. Then Polly  
 was seen limping across the avenue.  
 The biter had been bitten. The many-  
 colored bird had gone out to yell "Hi!  
 there!" and enjoyed the scampering,  
 when a blast was set off, which badly  
 mixed Polly up with the debris. No  
 bones were broken, and Polly Peteler  
 will soon be as well as usual, if not  
 wiser.

THINGS don't turn up in this world  
 unless somebody turns them up.



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